WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1853.

BUELL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS, Sirth Street, a few doors south of Penn. Avenue.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

OREADS.

Hine atque hine glomerantur Oreades .- VIRGIL.

Dedicated to the Founder of Oread Institute

BY MRS. E. T. H. PUTNAM.

Strayed down to the mountain's base, And a mist uprose from the meadows.

When fragrance flowed out from the roses

At sunfall, when lengthening shadows

Where spiders were weaving lace-

A marvellous mist-like the olden,

When God to the Temple came

Like a prayer to the sun-god golden,

Dying in purple and flame

Deliciously bathed in tears:

And the birds in the forest closes,

Sang tunes of numberless years-

I threw down the shackles of study.

And took me a child of my love,

With a countenance fair and ruddy,

And likest the kingdom above;

Happily wandered we on,

That glory went out, and a deeper

Fell gradually earthward soon ;

And the stars on the fields elysian

Looked down on the sons of me

While they seem to our finite vision

Like prisms of light on winter ices

Like a master dreamer's devices

Like a word that is kindly spoken

To him who is held in thrall,

Like a loving and cherished token

From one-the dearest of all,

A spark of glory above,

Like the eyes of the gods unfolding

Like the pulse of the soul beholding

Look!" said the boy, "the shadows thicken

The face of the God of Love.

Just out by those giant pines;

A temple was shapen in seeming,

With marble capitals carved,

Into pomegranates and daffodillie

By chain-work of icicles shining

Before the face of the moon,

Which ever are melting and pining

There were steps of enamelled agure

Which ted to the sloors of brass And windows which looked in embrasure

Cried the boy, " I hear in the wildwood

Twas the same I heard in my childhood.

When sleeping, I used to smile.

Issue forth from the shadowed portals,

Half hid in their violet shrouds,

I saw with the stars that they flirted

Oh! little recked they of the trouble

Whither they merrily sped:

And eagerly ran they to blow it.

Then I said, with the sacred poet,

These nymphs from the honored temple

Taught by the guides of their youth

Have heard but the words of the master

And their hopes now fly like a starling.

They go where are sorrow and sighing,

Then give them, O Father! thine armor

Gird them as sheaves with the right,

That when they are called to Death's garner.

For the National Rra

DEPENDENCE:

"I want three or four dollars-enough

Then we shall be on the same footing,

you get through with those account

sum in your favor. You are worth not

Have known but the holy example

Like a fountain's silvery tone

Inlaid with a diamond stone

Up through the vista of years.

But the path of each oread darling

Leads to the valley of tears;

Where evils minister pain,

Hourly do fall like the rain.

They may be Children of Light.

a slight pause.

ands will make a beggar of me."

On a basin of alabaster,

Unwitting the after grief:

We all do fade as a-leaf!

And pass through the gates of pearl

Which twinkled and dropt from the clouds

Then saw we a train of immortals,

Each was a beautiful girl,

Like rose-colored seas of glass

As if it were centuries old.

Into symmetrical lines!

How smoothly and grandly they quicken

A marvel! but we were not dreaming,

For there were the columns of gold

Carved in a beautiful line,

Like bubbles of mellowest wine,

As easterly rose the moon.

Like cowslips over a fen,

Shaggily frowned the mountain keeper,

Into the set of the sun.

While upward the mountain ascending,

Till we neared where the summits were blending

The National Era is Published Weekly, on reath Street, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall.

Two dollars per annum, payable in advance.

All communications to the Bra, whether on business of the paper or for publication, should be adjressed to

G. Ballky, Washington, D. C. Il who came in his way. Let us return to his home. There sits his wife, where we left her, intently busy in making a pair of cuffs. They were finely wrought, and that she saw yesterday, and intended to pur-chase. And why did Mrs. Dean consume her life-force in elaborate needle-work? Every ittle stitch diminished the power of the optic nerve; every half-hour thus employed was needed for other purposes. She felt this; but elaborate work must be worn, and such work her purse did not often permit her to buy. poverty and want. Disquietude was very apparent after her hus-band's departure. An occasional frown might have been seen, and her face alternately paled

" As if back upon her brain, The hot blood ebbed and flowed again."

"When we were poor, it was not thus," said she to herself. "A dollar then was expended less grudgingly than now. And it is so hu-miliating to ask, as though you were a beggar, and receive as though it were a charity, every cent you spend. We certainly have enough expended upon our living, but it is all for show. and very little for comfort. If it would answer for me to wear calico dresses and cotton gloves, would be very willing to do it, and then would my dress harmonize throughout. But, no; my exterior must be like that of the wife of a millionaire, while such a dearth of really necessary clothing but few women would be able to exhibit. Our furniture is elegant, and our table good enough; but all that I buy must be got at reduced prices, and the money given me for family expenses is the smallest amount that will answer. This train of thought was interrupted by the

appearance of Miss Aiken, the teacher. Her bill was soon settled; but as Mrs. Dean really needed the money for her own expenses, and forgetting for a moment the wearisome days that had been spent in the school-room, and the culture that had been bestowed upon the mind of her child by the faithful preceptress before her, it was paid rather unwillingly. In addition to that, Miss Aiken wanted to raise a little sum, by voluntary contributions, to buy grace-hoops and dumb-bells and wands for the use of her pupils. This had been highly approved by all the mothers to whom the plan had been submitted. Some had contributed toward this object; others had referred Miss A. to their husbands, each presuming that hers would give all that was necessary. What amount do you require?" asked

"If each of my patrons would contribute fifty cents, we should be well supplied; but even twenty-five cents would enable us to get a number of articles which we now very much

There was a struggle in the mind of Mrs. Dean. She knew something of the necessity of these exercises, and furthermore she was ashamed to seem backward in such a matter. Then her own wants presented themselves, and she hesitated. At length she very reluctantly handed Miss Aiken twenty-five cents.

"I do hate to settle with women," said Miss Aikin, when she reached home. "They are so mean. They seem to feel that I am under ob-ligation to instruct their children, without any compensation whatever. Mrs. James Dean has such a sordid disposition! After paying my bill very grudgingly, she showed her apprecia-tion of my efforts to benefit her bow-backed

tion of my efforts to benefit her bow-backed daughter, by squeezing out twenty-five cents towards getting up the proposed exercises."

Mrs. Dean, on the departure of Miss Aikin, resumed her cogitations. "My position is very embarrassing," thought-she. "I would gladly have given more, but a pair of gloves I must have; and if I go to that party this evening, I must have a collar. I have worn my old collars till I am ashamed to wear them any longer, and most of them are positively ragged. At and most of them are positively ragged. At dinner, I will ask Mr. Dean for more money. No, I will not, was the second thought; I will get some coarse articles, such as I can procure for what I have in hand. And that will be foolish, too; for my dress will be criticized, and Mr. Dean mortified. I think I will ask for more. Not not I will not will set myself to more. No! no! I will not subject myself to another tirade to-day." And that was the

" Mother, see here," exclaimed little George Emma has thrown her shoe into the fire, an

"I am sorry," said the mother: "now I shall

have to get a pair of shoes."

Presently a man from the country brought some dried peaches, which Mrs. Dean had bespoken, and for these she had to pay a dollar His price was one dollar and a quarter for the lot; but he concluded to throw off the quarter, rather than take them away. He left the door, muttering—
"She's a keen one—mighty sharp for a bar

gain. Good deal of work to dry peaches—couldn't afford them for a dollar. Hate to deal with women-real skinflints."

"Helen, I suppose you intend to go to Kellogg's to-night," said Mr. Dean, at dinner time.
"I would rather decline the invitation," re-

sponded his companion.

"Oh, I think we had better go. The Livingstons will be there. I shall be most happy to see my wife in her crimson velvet."

And Mr. Dean romped with the children

and exhibited a great exuberance of spirits. actly what I need," thought his wife. "I have not other things to correspond with my velvet, and it is a dress I never wanted." Then the bitter taunt in the morning rang in her ears, and she said to herself, "No! I will suffer before I ask for anything for myself again.

"I hope to have the pleasure of seeing my wife on the street this afternoon," remarked Mr. Dean, as he closed the door after him. "Yes," muttered the unhappy woman,

may see her walking miles and miles, to hunt acthing that is cheap—that will corres What Made One Woman Meanly Penurious. ond with her very limited purse." Mrs. Dean soon started to do her shopping She went again to look at the three-dollar col

Don't forget to give me some money before leave," said Mrs. Dean to her larger half.

Money! What now! You want another lars. The balance of the six dollars given her in the morning, added to a little change sh sik dress, don't you? These women are forever wanting something. I gave you a dollar yesterday. What has become of that?"

Mrs. Dean bit her lip with suppressed emotion, and colored deeply. She was accustomed to such outbreaks; but there was more bitterness in his previously had, made just two dollars and fifty

"Can you not let me have one of these for "We certainly could not, Mrs. Dean. see the work is very fine. We have sold most of them for four dollars."

She was obliged to leave without the collar and then Mr. Gray said to his first clerk-What a niggard she is! How inexpressibly

How much money do you want, and what do you want it for?" demanded Mr. Dean, buy a collar and a pair of gloves."

Three or four dollars; and it's three or bur dollars every day. These constant de-"We found that out long ago," was the re

Little did they dream that she had not an other farthing in her purse. Her effort to ob-tain fine work at a low price was fruitless. At length her little shoeless Emma came into her mind; she had forgotten the accident, and she etly returned the wife.

Here," said Mr. Dean, handing her six stepped into a store, and priced some exquisite little gaiters. The shopman threw off a quar-ter, and let her have them for fifty cents; and when she left, he grumbled about it, saying me last night, and Mary's teacher will easy circumstances in town than James Dean, and yet his wife is as close-fisted as a Jew. She squeezes a sixpence as though her fingers were a vise!" Thereupon the clerks laughed

at her expense.
"Two dollars is all I have left," thought
Mrs. Dean. It then occurred to her that she could get some lace, and put around a narrow collar she had at home. That would give it a fashionable look, and it would answer for The employer looked well pleased, though this was not far from his own calculation. He fall into a fit of musing. "And my business," thought he, "is worth \$2,000 per year. Then the fings me eight per cent. I have been very locky. That railroad stock has been profitable, and my last commercial venture was highly successful. My expenses too are rether light. the coming evening. This was done; and by much walking and talking, she managed to save ten cents, to pay for cleaning a pair of old white kids, which, she concluded, would an-

dy wife is an economist. Very few persons dency to extravagance—of this her husband had never accused her; neither was she natu-

maintain a certain style so long as she moved in a fashionable circle, and this she found it

difficult to do. All the rich and extravagant clothing she had—the elegant bracelets and other jewelry, the velvet and brocade, Mr. Dean purchased himself; and these, in his estimation, were the sum total of all that was needed. At that time she was greatly in want of a common dressing-gown, of hose and pock-et-handkerchiefs, and night-clothes, and these she resolved to get; for there were no such incongruities in her character as to make her satisfied with outward splendor and hidden

The next morning after the incidents above related, Mrs. Dean at an early hour repaired to the shop of a jeweller, for the purpose of disposing of a bracelet that cost her husband one hundred dollars.

"I could not give you more than seventy

and she enjoyed the luxury of many little comyears before been a stranger. Mr. Dean frequently gave her funds for family expenses, but not a word was said about dress.

"Good for Mrs. Dean," observed Mr. Gray's first clerk. "She has been here a dezen time within a month, and has not compromised her dignity by asking us to fall on one single arti-

"Wonder what has happened to Mrs. Dean?" said a market man. "She don't hold on to her sixpences half as tight as usual." One evening, about six months after the events I have related, Mr. Dean and his wife

were having a cozy chat, during which he surprised her with a diamond ring. "Thank you, dearest; you are very kind; but I do not wish to wear diamonds-I fear they will make a beggar of you," added she, very significantly, and a shade of sadness passed over her hitherto animated face.

"Well, I want you to wear that diamond at least," remarked the husband. "By the way, Helen, what has become of that bracelet I bought for you in London? I have not seen you wear it in a long time."

Mrs. Dean's face was suffused with crimson

She did not want to disturb the harmony of their evening by an explanation and by defence of her conduct. She felt that it would be difficult to make him understand that her position was embarrassing—that he had placed her on a level with a mere dependent upon his bounty. But his searching eye was upon her, and he awaited a reply.
"I have sold the bracelet, Mr. Dean."

"Sold it! The devil you have. What did you sell it for?" "I sold it to supply myself with the necessi

ries of life," she quietly answered.

"Necessaries of life!" exclaimed the enraged man. "One would think you were in a suffer-

ly choose to get whatever will gratify your own vanity and make a display. But I never have one cent at my command, save what is doled out in dribblets; and I often need things, the necessity for which you cannot appreciate; and furthermore, I do not want to trouble you with them. But the children and myself have al-most suffered for the want of shoes; and Charlie has had the cramp more than once in conpoor, and I am often so reduced that I cannot be peak a carriage, or pay for an omnibus ticket in a shower. Many a time have I had to wait for hours for your return home, that I might get a dime to send for medicine for a sick child and when Willie died- but no matter now."

The wife was convulsed with powerful emo-tions, every nerve throbbed with fear and agony. tions, every nerve throbbed with fear and agony.
"It is a desperate game," thought she, "but I have been a beggar long enough." And she continued: "I have had to abuse myself by higgling with fish-women and jewing marketmen. What is expended upon my own dress is abundantly sufficient, if I could have it under my own control, and exercise my own judgment. But now, while I wear a fifteen-dollar hat and a hundred-dollar shawl, I am some times unable to buy a paper of pins or a pair of boot-laces. Unless I can be made a little more independent, I shall sell any valuables I may have in possession that can be disposed of. As for coming to you for every farthing that I have to use, and rendering an account of its expenditure, I shall not do it. You may de-

pend upon that."

The face of her "lord and master" was livid with rage. His eye glared with the fierceness of a tiger, and from his thin, pale lips proceeded such a volley of oaths, that she trembled and almost shricked under the fury of the storm she had raised. He cruelly upbraided her, called her a fool, and said she was guilty

of the basest ingratitude.

"Ingratitude?" exclaimed the wife—"if
we are going to settle accounts, I will go to
the past, and bring in a bill that you seem to have forgotten. Who struggled with you in poverty? Who toiled early and late for the comforts that you were unable to procure? When our first-born cried for bread, and there was none to give him, whose hands earned it? was none to give him, whose hands earned it?
When you yourself was treading the downward path to ruin, who arrested your steps, and won you back to temperance? Who gently drew you aside from the gaming-table, and procured for you honorable employment?
Who practiced frugality, and encouraged you to lay up the first fruits of honorable indus-try? Who labored in every way to promote your pecuniary interests? On whom did you rely for counsel? Who cheered or sustained you? And again, when the dark cloud of adversity seemed ready to overwhelm us, who adversity seemed ready to overwhelm us, whose vigilant eye saw the danger, and whose prompt action dispelled the darkness? Who on bended knee has daily sought wisdom from on High to aid her in becoming a faithful mother to your children? Who has made it her study, for the last twenty years, to be to you a help-meet,

a true and loving companion ?"
"Enough! enough!" cried the husband,
"say no more, for God's sake! Tell me what

you want, and I will give it, though it be the half of my fortune."

Mr. Dean's anger had subsided. The Past oh! he had almost forgotten it. Strange that The Past! it brought associations that umbled him. Never before had his wife hintown ingratitude. Noble woman that she was! He ought rather to worship than to upbraid. To her he owed everything—she made him what he was, and he knew it.

Far from it. Few men love their wives more than he loved his, and few have as much reathan he loved his, and few have as much rea-son to do so. He thought the provision made for his family was abundant, and the smallness of the sums given to his wife would be a whole-some check to any propensity to extravagance she might acquire. He was somewhat tinc-tured with the very common idea that women em are; but there are some excep-

the coming evening. This was done; and by much walking and talking, she managed to save ten cents, to pay for cleaning a pair of old white kids, which, she concluded, would answer for that night.

Mrs. Dean was quite an elegant woman, and she looked very charmingly at the party of which we have spoken. She was at heart a can have no idea how often the spirit is chafed, with her? Her head was still upon his should be and lay them at my lady too.

A person who has never been placed in the position of a dependent—who has never received as a gratuity what is his by right—who has never had funds doled out to him as grudgingly as they are put into contribution boxes, can have no idea how often the spirit is chafed, with her? Her head was still upon his should be a claim—no, not claim, but sue for my blessed reward."

She said that she could not let him go; it would break her heart? Would be leave her to break her heart? Would be not give up his purpose for her sake, and stay with her? Her head was still upon his should be a can have no idea how often the spirit is chafed.

ly." And the rich man congratulated himself upon the possession of wealth, and his large income, and his economical wife, and was thenceforth unusually affable and obliging to satisfied with the apportionment, and all their necessities were supplied. She had not as much expensive clothing as before, but was infinitely more comfortable; and Mr. Dean found that

> nevelence she was never backward. The happiness of the first holyday that occurred after the scene related, Mr. Dean presented his wife with the bartered bracelet, as a Christmas gift. The sweat smile with which she thanked him. The sweet smile with which she thanked him, the heightened color, and the tear she silently dashed aside, showed that her woman's heart with him, promising to do more than man ever profitable, than the subjects of such a princiwas touched by this indirect acknowledgment | did, or ever could do, to shield her from hard-

Now, reader, do not say this is an untruthful money Mrs. Dean purchased many necessary and useful articles for herself and children, and she enjoyed the large of the la a Pecksniff; and the other half say that Peckand although you may never have seen James
Dean, Esq., yet I stirm that he is a real live
man, and his residence is on State street, No.

She was evidently merging from her tender, -; but I will not give that. For particulars, LIZZIE LINN.

For the National Era. COPYRIGHT SECURED BY THE AUTHOR MARK SUTHERLAND:

POWER AND PRINCIPLE. BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAP VI-Continued Besides," said Miss Sutherland, eluding his uestion and evading his eye, "there is a fitness in these relations between the European and the African races—Europeans could not engage in agricultural labor under the burning heat of our Southern sun "---

"But why enslave the negroes-why not emancipate and hire them?" interrupted "Oh! you know," she replied hastily, "that the negroes will not work effectually, unless

"Plantation slaves will not, I grant you but who has reduced them to this hopeless and inert condition?"

"I do not know why you should call their condition hopeless—I think, upon the whole, they are at least as hopeful and as happy as poor white people or free blacks. And I never heard of a bad master, who was not also a bad son, brother, husband, father, neighbor—in short, who was not a bad Christian. And if you feel a call to reform the world, Mark Sutherland, why not begin at the right end, and Christianize it-and all other reform will follow early, and as a matter of course. Why

"Because, my dear India, unluckily the world thinks itself already Christian. 'And if and anger slowly passed from her face, as he rose and advanced towards her, saying ing condition, to see your surroundings."

"No, Mr. Dean; one would think I had all the missionary to dispel it. I am quite unworthat heart could wish. So far as externals are concerned, I have more than is necessary. I Christian, and have no presumption to begin referring the world either at the right end or the wrong end. I only wish to do what I consider a simple act of justice, in a matter between me and my own conscience,"

"I do not understand why your 'conscience should meddle in the matter. The system apshould meddle in the matter. The system appears to me to be perfectly right—everything that we can wish. There is a beautiful adaptation in the mutual relations existing between the Anglo-Saxon master and the Ethiopian slave; for, observe, the Anglo-Saxon is highly intellectual, strong, proud, firm, self-willed, impelled to govern, gifted with great mental independence; the Ethiopian, on the contrary, is very unintellectual, weak, lowly in mind, imitative, affectionate, dooile, easily controlled tative affectionate docile easily controlledand these traits of character so harmonize in spirit of Christianity to make it a beautiful and

happy correspondence."

"I think, my dearest girl, that even in that case the 'beautiful and happy correspondence' would be like Irish reciprocity—all on one side. Selfishness so blinds us, India"——

I have no space to dilate on what was said on either side. Both grew very serious, earnest, and emphatic. India became heated, fevered; she brought forward every plea she had ever heard pressed in favor of her own side of the controversy; but they could not stand a mo-ment before the force of the truth he drove home upon her conscience with all the power of logic and eloquence. Baffled and disappointed in her failure, and unnerved by the strangeness of anxiety and contention, she suddealy burst into tears, and passionately ex-

"You do not love me! You never loved me You prefer the fancied welfare of these miserable negroes to my comfort and happiness!"

The weakness betrayed in her emotion, the vanity and selfishness manifested in her unjust charge, must have disgusted Mark Sutherland, had he not been a lover. As it was, he saw and felt only her tears and sorrow, and addressed himself to soothe her with all a lover's solicitude. She took advantage of his tenderness—perhaps she even misunderstood it. She ness—perhaps she even misunderstood it. She had failed to convince his judgment by her arguments, failed to change his purpose by opposition and reproaches, and now she resolved to try the power of love—of persuasion. She dropped her head upon his shoulder, with her blushing, tearful face and soft hair against his cheek, her arm upon his neck, and, half-caress-ing, suffered herself to be caressed, and let him feel how sweet her love was, by the unutterable sweetness of her shy caress; and when his heart was weak unto death, she pleaded with him, yieldingly, submissively, tearfully, as with one who had the right and the power of order-ing her destiny—that he would not doom her ing her destiny—that he would not doom her to a lot so cruel, so terrible; that she was so unprepared for it; that he must know she was; which I now repeat to you—if the adherence that he would kill her in a year; that she did

All this was pleaded with her head upon his shoulder, with her face against his cheek, with her hand pressed around his neck. This self-had she seemed to him so beautiful, so regnant,

delicate, have, for affection, for constancy, for truth, and the great idea of duty, borne poverty, toil, hardships and privations, even with a better grace and with more fortitude and patience than the strongest men. But I begin to think that history and tradition must exaggerate. How, indeed, could my own fragile lady-love endure what my strong frame must encounter and overcome? No, dear India, ardently as I once desired that you should be, from this time forward, the partner of my lot, I see and feel that the wish was thoughtless, unreasonable, selfish. It was exacting far too much. No, dearest, painful as it must be to tear my self from you, I must go forth alone to do battle with an adverse fate. Yet why should I call it adverse? I go forth with youth, and call it adverse? I go forth with youth, and health, and strength; with a liberal education and some talent; and when I have attained fame and fortune, then, like a true knight, I will come and lay them at my lady's feet, and

and fretted, and rebels at such a condition.

At length matters were amicably adjusted, and a certain amount was handed over to Mrs.

At length matters were amicably adjusted, and a certain amount was handed over to Mrs.

At length matters were amicably adjusted, and repeated her lips to his neck, and repeated her lips to his nec

He kissed away her tears, fast as they fell

would be in time. five, madam," said the dealer in jewels. "It picture. You may not be able to recognise the probably cost more than that; but I do not find this kind of bracelet very saleable, and I asserted by half the world that there never was was far too delicate to bear such a change; he Never! And now, hear my oath. As you

She was evidently merging from her tender, alluring mood, into an irritable and capricious

Full of doubt and trouble at her words, h

"My dearest India, I told you that this purposed action of mine is a measure of justice and conscience. You know it involves an im-mense sacrifice. Do you suppose I would make that sacrifice, except from the most righteous principles, and do you suppose I can possibly abandon such principles? My India, if from my great love for you I could now sacrifice my onscience to your convenience, you would soon lose all esteem for me, and, in losing all esteem, lose all comfort in loving me. My India, no honorable woman can continue to love a man who has forfeited his own and her respect. Do you not know that?"

Coldly she put away his encircling arms— coldly she withdrew herself from him, say-

you are faithless; you seek an excuse to break with me, by putting our union upon conditions impossible for me to comply with. You need not have taken such a crooked path to a plain purpose, sir; you needed only to have frankly named your wish, to have had your plighted troth restored. You are free, sir—to unite yourself with one of the favored race, the objects of your manifest preference, if you This last, most insulting clause was cast at

him with a glance of insufferable scorn, as she turned to leave the room. His brow crimsoned with the sudden sm

"This from you, India!" he exclaimed. She was looking at him still; but the scorn

bitter words to heart, nor suffer you to me in anger. Dearest India!" She had already regretted her sharp words

evenly, that it took but a trifle to disturb the equilibrium; and now his forbearance and his kind words completely upset the scale, and love ascended. Turning to him once more, and throwing herself in his open arms, she burst into tears, and said—
"Dearest Mark, only give up this mad, mad

project, and I am all yours. Oh, you know I am, any way; for even now the separation that would pain you, would kill or madden me! But, oh! you know I cannot endure the hardships you would prepare for me: they would be equally fatal. Give it up, Mark! Dear be equally fatal. Give it up, Mark! Dear Mark, give it up, for my sake, for your dear mother's sake, for all our sakes! Stay with us! do not divide us and break our hearts, by leaving us! We all love you so! you know we do! We would do anything in the world for you, if you would stay with us! And I only grow angry and lose my senses, and utter mad words, when you talk of leaving us! Don't go, Mark! Dearest Mark, don't leave us."

And so she pleaded, hiding her tears and blushes on his shoulder, and clasping and pressing and kissing his neck and cheek. The pleadings of young beauty to young love, most!

pleadings of young beauty to young love, most powerful, most painful to resist, yet they were resisted—mournfully but calmly and firmly

She raised her head from his shoulder "And you persist in your purpose?

My India, I cannot do otherwise." ause your mother, your relatives, and me."
"My own India, I would I could bear all our grief in my own person." But you adhere to your resolution!"

"I have no alternative. "And this is your final decision ?" He bowed. Even if you should lose me forever?"

He started, as if suddenly struck by a bullet He changed color, but did not speak. She re-garded him fixedly. At last she said, slowly and calmly—
"Will you please to answer my question

"India," he said, "I will not, for a momen admit such a possibility. God does not repa fidelity to conscience with calamity."

"Perhaps it might not be a calamity think it were well we should understand eac

other. The question is now before you-d "My India, it is not practically before me No, thank Heaven, the intolerable alternative

of resigning you or my principles is not yet "By all our past dreams and present hopes of happiness, I assure you that the alternative is now submitted to you, sir. And I adjure

to your present purpose involve the final loss of my hand and heart, do you still persist in that purpose?"
Something in her tone caught up his glance

her hand prossed around his neck. This seductive gentleness was very hard to resist, indeed. He answered—

"My dearest India, you are sole mistress of your own destiny, and, to a great extent, of mine. I did hope that you would have borne me company in my pilgrimage, and, even from the first, have shared my lot, hard as it is sure to be. We have both read and heard how women, even the most tenderly reared and delicate, have, for affection, for constancy, for truth and the great idea of duty horne poverhaughty brow now; there was nothing but calm, cold, indomitable, resolution. He gazed upon her in wonder and in sorrow, some time, fascinated by the imperious beauty of her young brow, and marvelling that this could be

young brow, and marvelling that this could be the tender, seductive woman that lay cooing on his bosom scarce an hour ago. It would not do to waver now. He took her hand again. He answered, solemnly—

"India, you have adjured me, by my conscience, by the sacredness of my honor, to answer your question, and say whether, were the alternative finally before me, I should resign my secred resolution or he resigned by you

ing her further words and actions. "And ing him. Amidst the fondest caresses, he said—

"My own dear India! how have I merited how far, as the East is from the West, is went on. Young men and girls, in all imagipenses twenty-five dollars per year.

The clerks and market-men and teachers never accused Mrs. Dean of penuriousness afterward; and in promoting any object of Know, that could you bring me the wealth of German or Italian principality; our slaves are pality. We have more power than its prince. ship till all hardship should be over, as it surely | And I was born to this power; I am accustom ed to it : I like it. Heaven crowned me with it : and do you think that I will discrown my ought to know it, and ought not to ask it. No, are the dupe of a "party." we separate, never if he loved her, he must give up his project, and to meet again until you have recovered manstay with her; and if he did love her, he surely hood and independence enough to abjure this project to which it has forced you—so help me

And, turning haughtily away, she left the

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the National Ers. GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA. No. 30.

ROME, February 8, 1853. MY DEAR R. L. B .: In all my absence rom home, I have never missed you more regretfully, thought of you more wishfully, than what life and heart, with what utter abandon | the street, with a mad prodigality and a desistible tide of mirth, and jest, and joyous-

The day was beautiful, warm, and sunny, have at home, in early April, tempting one out | tion in regard to the absent The for Carnival convenience, we have taken, with that she was a pretty woman and a countess a party of friends, a balcony, somewhat farther up the Corso, near the Via della Crocc—an admirable situation. To this we proceeded at half past two; but not till about three did after hour did nothing but throw confetti, not the grand play really commence. Then indeed upon the bold bravadoes in the open carriages. was the Corso a most beautiful and animating sight. On either side the windows and balco nies were decorated with brilliant hangings, and filled with gay figures and smiling faces. The dark, grayold palaces seemed to put forth the most gorgeous colors and the most alluring beauty-like the sudden magnificent blosson ing of rude and gigantic tropical plants. The street was thronged with revellers and spectators, in carriages and on foot, many in costumes grotesque or picturesque; and thickly and incessantly from windows and balconies storm-bouquets and bonbons, and rattled the harmless hail of confétti. This last is composed of stings a little occasionally, it does no serious injury to person or dress. Those in the car-riages gallantly returned the fire of the balconies and windows, giving bouquet for bouquet, bonbon for bonbon, confetti for confetti; with whatsoever missile ye pelt, it shall be pelted to

joyousness and jollity. No sooner had I stepped on to the balcony, than I felt myself possessed with the true Carnival spirit; my heart danced and the blood tingled along my veins, with a novel, wild, and childish excitement—and in a moment I was mingling in that strange, for-eign sport, as ardently, energetically, and reck-lossly, as any daring Roman woman, to the Corso and Carnival born. I not only tossed and caught such sweet and fragrant missiles as bags of bonbons and bouquets, but shot and received large sugared balls, hard, and sometimes not a little formidable, and showered torrents of confetti. There were twelve in our balcony, and when we singled out a carriage, and fired in concert, the effect was tremendous. and fired in concert, the effect was tremendous. It was most amusing to watch certain passers by, who drove up and down in a serious and sedate manner, taking no smallest part in the sport, and putting on a surprised, indignant, or ill-used look, whenever they were saluted with a heavy bouquet, or a dash of confetti. Heaven only knows what else they expected at

It was at first difficult to distinguish our quaintances in fancy dresses, dominoes, and wire masks; but after we had once recognised them, they received no quarter.

After a couple of hours' unceasing exercis my arm became almost useless with much throwing, and I then contented myself with covert attacks upon the pedestrians passing or lingering underneath the balcony. I had all the advantage of an ambush—taking the enemy by surprise, and leaving him little or no defence—an unequal, ignoble, aboriginal style of warfare, I grant, but full of excitement and a rich, wicked zest. A deadly foe to respectability of appearance, as inharmonious and in-congruous with the scene and the senson, I particularly lay in wait for shiny black beavers and superfine cloths. I am happy to be able to say that these attacks, discourteous and cowardly as they may seem, were received with the most charming good-nature and engaging placidity, and returned, whenever it was possible, with hearty good will. But confetti thrown upward to the height where we stood, did comparatively little execution.

At half past four, the first gun was firgd, and the police began to clear the Corso of carriages for the rese. At five boomed of another the corso of the research of the corso of carriages for the research of the corso of carriages.

riages, for the race. At five, boomed off anothe gun, and a company of cavalry galloped at a gallant rate from the Ripresa di Barberi to the Piazza del Popolo, from whence the horses were to start; and a few moments after the seribable uproar of shouts and yells, and sharp shrill whistles, and waving of hats and clap-ping of hands, dashed up the brilliant street. Riderless, but with spiked balls dangling at their sides, goading them the more the faster they ran, decorated with gay ribands and cov-ered with bright sheets of tin, they went flying and flashing, and ringing past, and the crown ing excitement of the day was over in a mo

goal, where they were caught by sheets of cantion for not running themselves, as in the good old times. By the way, we hear that the Pope has decreed that even this fine shall be no

has decreed that even this fine shall be no longer imposed—an act which speaks well for his innate sense of justice.

I went home excessively tired, but decidedly of the opinion that one of the few commendable institutions of this unhappy country is this same custom-sanctioned absurdity, this ancient and annual irruption of folly, this giventie frolie the Carnival.

Soon, from drizzling showers, the heavy rain came pelting down, like shot; the Corso ran a sheet of yellow mud, like another Tiber nable costumes, drove up and down, throwing bouquets, bonbons, and confetti as merrily as though the brightest of skies was above and the driest of grounds beneath them-their ardor seemingly not damped, their spirits not dashed-with cocked hats pouring rivers of water from their wide brims, with ruffs and feathers flattened and flapping, with ribands and veils and white muslins dripping and cling-ing, whitened with confetti, blackened with mud, flooded with rain—a strange, peculiar, unprecedented, richly ridiculous sight.

Our windows being too high for very satisfactory interchange of compliments with the

passers-by, we were reduced to the monot nous extremity of bandying bouquets with our neighbors over the way. We were highly neighbors over the way. We were highly amused by a certain red-haired lace-merchant opposite us—a countess, we hear—and I think very likely, for countesses are almost as plenty as priests in Rome. We hire our balcony of one—a sharp-eyed old dame, very dowdyish dwarfish, curt, and carious. But to return this particular countess, who, abandoned by her husband, the faithless Count, has taken to the lace business, looks, in her pretty little shop, quite rosy, jolly, and coquettish, un-der the circumstances. Indeed, I am not sure that this love-lorn Ariadne is not completely consoled for the desertion of her Theseus, in a handsome young Roman, who lounges in her shop, and smokes eigars at her window, quite a passable Bacchus. Again, to return : this fair dame, for fair she is, not being very powerful or expert in the use of her arm yet anxious to manifest her friendly feeling toward us, stood at her window, bowing and smiling, and showered handfulls of choice bonon the first day of the Carnival. Ah! with bons and baskets of flowers into the midst of to the mad humor of the occasion, would you perate energy really alarming. At length the have thrown yourself into the rushing, irrehis hand we received some very beautiful offer ings, they having first been kis-ed, and held against the heart of Ariadne-a little ceremo but with an invigorating spring freshness in the atmosphere—such a day as we sometimes as quite to make us forget her equivocal posi-As the windows of our lodgings are too high

but upon the pedestrians passing beneath his balcony, nearly all of whom were well pro-tected by umbrellas. I did not believe it possible, that in the slimy

state of the street that afternoon, the race would be allowed to come off, but at the usual hour the Corso was cleared, the cavalry came dashing down from the Ripresa di Barberi to the Piazza del Popolo, and in a few minutes more the horses leaped from their barrier, and tore madly up the Corso. Three poor creatures went down before they had run half way, rolling and sliding in a most frightful manner All were more or less hurt, but gallantly struga sort of seed, covered with plaster or flour : gled up and ran on; but, of course, their chance

Tuesday and Wednesday were festas, suspended the Carnival. The saints in whose honor they were, sent charming weather, which we enjoyed in walks and excursions into the country-of which, more anon.

Thursday it rained again throughout the morning, but cleared up in the afternoon, though not brightly or warmly—one of those chilling, threatening, disheartening, aggravating days, a thousand times more disagreeable than a

regular, honest, pelting storm.

We noticed on this day an elegant carriage, containing two ladies and two gentlemen, who, amid the mad uproar and stormy pelting, sat each with a copy of Galignani in hand, coolly feigning to read. All were without masks, and the gentlemen were smoking cigars. Nothing I have seen in the whole course of the Carnival has delighted me so much as this; it was deliciously droll, the very refinement and soul of

Friday was another festa, and of course se Saturday was a nondescript sort of a day-neither warm nor cold, sunny nor stormy. The Corso was more than ever thronged, though There were exhibited many new and astound ing varieties of costume. Scores of women of questionable, or rather unquestionable, charac-ter, tramping through the muddy streets in draggled finery and hideous disguises; hosts of comical Polcinelli, making "confusion werse confounded," with trumpets, bells, and tam-bourines, and striking right and left among the crowd, with a sort of flail composed of a blown bladder fastened to a stick. There were men dressed as women, and women as men; indeed this fancy of a fair exchange of costume seem ed greatly to prevail, and was more ludicrous in effect on so large a scale than you can ima-gine. There were children in quaint and an-

tiquated attire; small harlequins and jesters without number; there were Chinamen and black-a-moors. There was a gigantic man in a woman's dress, arm in arm with a dwarfish woman in the uniform of an officer, the coattails touching the ground. There was a Falwere men and boys divided down the middle, into black and white, red and yellow, blue and

green, and so on, ad infinitum.

The lower classes evidently had it; it was the great day for the rabble. We took a turn or two in the carriage, but were driven off the course in disgust, on finding that the ra-cally young Romans in the street flung nothing cleaner than bouquets picked from the mud.

'It was nearly dark when the race began, and it was a singular and beautiful sight to watch the swift course of the horses, by the gleaming of the millions of sparks, struck out from the pavement. Just by our balcony two slip-ped and fell. One was too badly hurt to proseed; and the other, a handsome gray, ran feebly on, with the blood streaming from his noulder-a piteous and revolting sight. Alto me. I can but believe it a brutal and de-moralizing exhibition, as the animals invariably run from pain and terror, not from emula

mony here observed, of the solemn blessing of beasts, must inculcate a feeling of tenderness under the protection, and sanctified by the benediction, of Heaven and the church. Yet true it is, that I have never witnessed such extreme and universal cruelty to animals as

I am told by Italians, that even had the weather been favorable, this Carnival would have been a poor affair, compared with those of old. Few of the Romans of the better class will join in it, from indignation at the restric tions put upon some of its innocent freedoms, and the curtailment of its immemorial amuse-ments—the forbidding of close masks in the

He answered, solemnly—

"India, you have adjured me, by my conseience, by the sacredness of my honor, to answer your question, and say whether, were the alternative finally before me, I should resign my sacred resolution, or be resigned by you. India, I may not, must not, evade this. And I answer now, by my sacred honor and my hopes of heaven, come what may, of trial, of suffering, or of agony, I will never forego this purpose, to which reason and conscience alike urge me."

"And that is your final determination?"
He bowed.

"Now, then, hear mine; but first I give you back your plighted troth and its less perishable symbol"—here she drew a diamond ring from her finger, and handed it to him—"and I remove your image from my heart with less difficulty than I disentangle this miniature one found and wet, there was early a gallant of the opinion that one of the few commendation of this unhappy country is the streets, and the suppression of masked balls at the evision of folly, this gire in the suppression of masked balls at the theatres. The festivities are now principally conducted by foreigners and the common people, and the suppression of masked balls at the theatres. The festivities are now principally conducted by foreigners and the common people, and the suppression of masked balls at the theatres. The festivities are now principally conducted by foreigners and the common people, and the suppression of masked balls at the theatres. The festivities are now principal trough or folly, this gir, this same custom-sanctioned absurdity, this gir, the theatres. The festivities are now principal trough or folly, this gir, the theatres. The festivities are now principal trough or folly, this gir, the theatres. The festivities are now principal trough or folly, this gir, the theatres. The festivities are now principal to conducted by foreigners and the common of the theatres. The festivities are now principal to conducted by foreigners and the common of the the theatres.

I went hone cuestom-sanctity, this ancient and an